THE "DOLLY" TRAIN.

A COUNTRY BRANCH OF THE NEW-YORK CENTRAL IN NEW-YORK CITY.

People who patronize the New-York Central Railroad are likely to know all about the Empire State Express, the Southwestern Limited, the Montreal Express and the various other trains leaving the Grand Central Station with cars full of passengers for points all along the road and across the continent, from One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st. to San Francisco. There are only a few, however, who have heard about the "Dolly" train, which carried passengers regularly every day, years before the popular fast trains became known. It is not known by that name on the official timetables, and there seems to be some doubt as to how it derived its name. The train would probably be better known if it started, like all other trains on the Hudson River Division, from the Grand Central Station; but in that respect it differs also from the popular trains, for its starting point is at an old station which is unknown as such to the great majority of the travelling community. The station is in Thirtieth-st., near Tenth-ave., and its dingy walls, its antique waiting-room and rickety platform, from which passengers step into the old-fashioned trains, are enough to make one doubt that he is in New-York and not in some backwoods station.

From this station seven trains start every day for Spuyten Duyvil, and these are called the "Dolly" trains. "Once upon a time," said an old employe of the road, "the trains started from Thirtieth-st. and went to Spuyten Duyvil, and from there by way of the Grand Central Station back to Thirtieth-st., and whether it was the going round in a circle like a toy or because one of the old engines was called Dolly that gave the train the name, I don't know, but the people gave it that name, and it has kept it ever since.

"Does it pay? Well, I should think not. We run two cars, pretty old things at that, and on one down trip in the morning and one up trip in the evening the cars are well filled, but on several runs they carry on an average six to eight people."

The stations along this spur of the Hudson River branch of the New-York Central road are Manhattan, One-hundred-and-fifty-second-st., Fort Washington, Inwood and Spuyten Duyvil, and the trip takes thirty-two minutes. The train runs along Eleventh-ave. to Sixty-first-st. at ordinary horsecar speed, but when it leaves the avenue at that point and after passing long rows of freight cars strikes a track running parallel with the river, having on one side the Riverside Park retaining wall and the river and the view of the Palisades on the other, it gains speed, and the old cars rattle and squeak as they bowl along. One gets a glimpse of Grant's tomb just before the train makes its first stop. Bathing-houses, fishing-floats, squatters' shanties and boathouses of the primitive and unattractive kind are scattered along the riverside, and across the water one sees the despoiled Palisades.

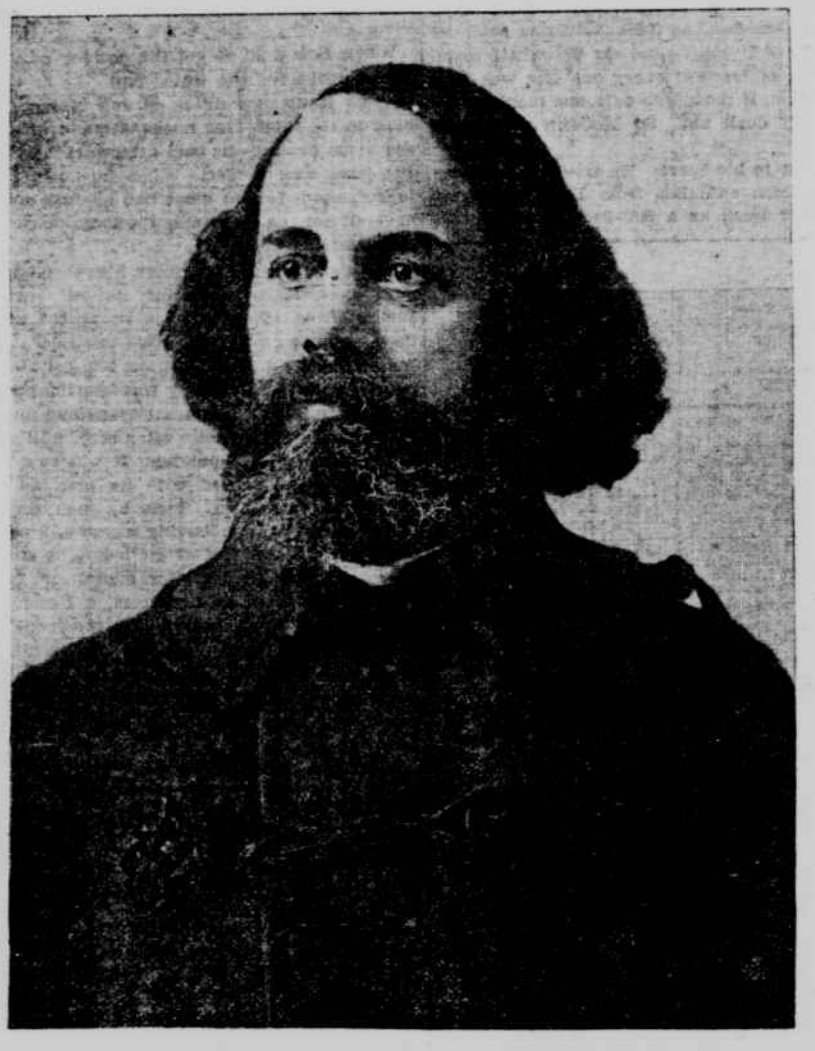
The Fort Washington station is a little brown building of the kind that one would expect to see at a flag station in the Mohawk Valley, but would never look for at a place twenty-five minutes' ride from the heart of New-York City. A deep cut in the rock through which the train passes shuts out the rustic picture for a few minutes, and then the beautiful panorama of the Hudson for miles away may be seen from the riverside windows of the "Dolly" train.

Inwood has also a tiny station, from which one sees little houses of away-back-in-the-country brand, but one catches a glimpse also of Two-hundred-and-sixth-st., broad and perfectly paved, which runs at right angles with the track, and this spoils the rustic picture, and the passenger on the "Dolly" train realizes that he is still in the metropolis.

Three minutes from Inwood the conductor calls "Spuyten Duyvil" if he has a passenger left at that point, and the trip is over.

The trains start from Spuyten Duyvil at 6:10, 7:45 and 10:05 in the morning, and at 1:10, 4:55, 6:35 and 8:50 in the afternoon. "The business men, the school children, the students, typewriters, clerks, shoppers and workingmen," said an old-time patron of the train, "who travel on this train need no introduction. Each one knows the other, and you may be sure that any one of the 'regulars' can tell you all about all the others. The first train carries the business people, the second one catches the school children and students, and the women who go to One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st. to do their shopping go on the 10:05 train, as a general thing. In midsummer, when people want all the good air they can get, we have many passengers who live at Yonkers and further up the road, who leave their train at Spuyten Duyvil and go to town in the 'Dolly' in order to avoid the trip through the hot and stuffy tunnel. Of course, the passengers who ride on the express trains can't do this, because the trains do not stop at Spuyten Duyvil."

This train, which is a valuable accommodation to the people who live in Audubon Park and the other residence districts along the river-front, is maintained at a considerable cost to the railroad company, but many of those who ride in it every day say that if the people knew that there was such a thing, that one can reach the upper Hudson without making a trip through the tunnel, that one may get a real country trip with country cars as well as rustic scenery, the "Dolly" trains would become more popular, and that some day the company might see both cars filled with passengers.



THE REV. THEOPHILUS G. STEWARD,

Chaplain of the 25th United States Infantry, who has been delegated by President McKinley to write the history of the colored regiments of the United States Army.

TREASURE-HUNTING IN SERVIA.

Correspondence of The Chicago Record.

A weird story comes from the Servian town of Petrovac. The Servian peasantry is quite as superstitious as the same class in any other Continental country, and it is an article of the peasant creed that the treasures of the Czar Radowan are buried somewhere within King Alexander's realm. It is said to be no rare thing to see bands of peasants, to the serious neglect of their farm work, digging in the earth for these selfsame treasures. A peasant named Theodore Pajkovic was digging, this story goes, with a number of his fellows, in the outskirts of Petrovac. Pajkovic's wife, Marinka, watched the perspiring laborers at their self-assigned task. One of the men remarked that he had heard that to be successful in treasure-quest one must have human blood on one's hands. The diggers looked at one another questioningly. Then one nodded toward Marinka and screwed up his face inquiringly at her husband. The husband nodded and winked, then added aloud: "All right! She can die; there are other wives to be had." He had hardly spoken the words when a revolver banged and Marinka fell over dead. All night the men dug within view of the corpse, but the next day the police got wind of the murder and the treasure-hunters are now awaiting trial.

LORD CREWE, FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

HEIR TO TWO FORTUNES AND AN HONORED NAME AND HUSBAND OF A WEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Lord Crewe will be remembered by many people on this side of the Atlantic as the "Bobbie" Milnes who accompanied his father, the late Lord Houghton, on the occasion of his prolonged trip through the United States. He may be described as one of fortune's favorites, having inherited from his father not only the barony of Houghton, a handsome fortune of about $75,000 a year and a charming country-seat, but likewise a very pretty talent for making verses and a taste for letters. Mr. Gladstone selected him, in spite of his youth, for the post of Viceroy of Ireland, and before his term of office came to a close his maternal uncle, old Lord Crewe, died, leaving him another fortune of $250,000 a year and more country-seats; while the Government, as a reward for his services in Ireland, conferred upon him his uncle's earldom of Crewe.

Lord Crewe's first wife, a woman of rare beauty, died about sixteen years ago, and now, at the age of forty-two, he has married a girl who is the intimate friend of his eldest daughter, and her junior. Lady "Peggy" Primrose is not only a very charming girl, but likewise a great heiress, having inherited a quarter of the colossal fortune of her mother, who was a Miss Hannah Rothschild.

Lord Crewe has achieved a number of successes on the turf with his racing stable and has shot elephants and lions in Africa, where he spent almost a year after becoming a widower. Very popular at Court, possessed of great territorial influence, clever and an ex-Viceroy of Ireland, he is almost certain to hold a seat in the next Liberal Cabinet formed by his father-in-law and most intimate chum, the Earl of Rosebery.

INFIRM PRINCES OF THE CHURCH.

Rome correspondence of The London Post.

The small number of Cardinals now living, and the age and infirmities of certain of them, are causing some of the strongest candidates for the Papacy to wonder whether they will be able to count on a sufficient number of votes to have a chance of success in the event of a Conclave taking place before a new Consistory has been held. The full number of Cardinals should be seventy. At present there are only fifty-six, of whom thirty are Italian and twenty-six foreigners. Of the Cardinals who live in Rome three—Oreglia, Verga and Mertel—would be too infirm to attend the Conclave, but a delegation of the Sacred College might go to receive their votes at their domiciles. Other infirm Princes of the Church, however, such as Cardinal Di Canossa, Bishop of Verona, and Cardinal Haller, Archbishop of Salzburg, would certainly be unable to come to Rome, while Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, and Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, would not arrive in time. In all probability the Conclave will not number fifty, and if it is remembered that at least six of this number will be candidates for the Papacy it will be seen how intricate the election would be unless the Cardinals agreed beforehand to elect some one of their number by acclamation.

THE DUTIES OF A WHIP.

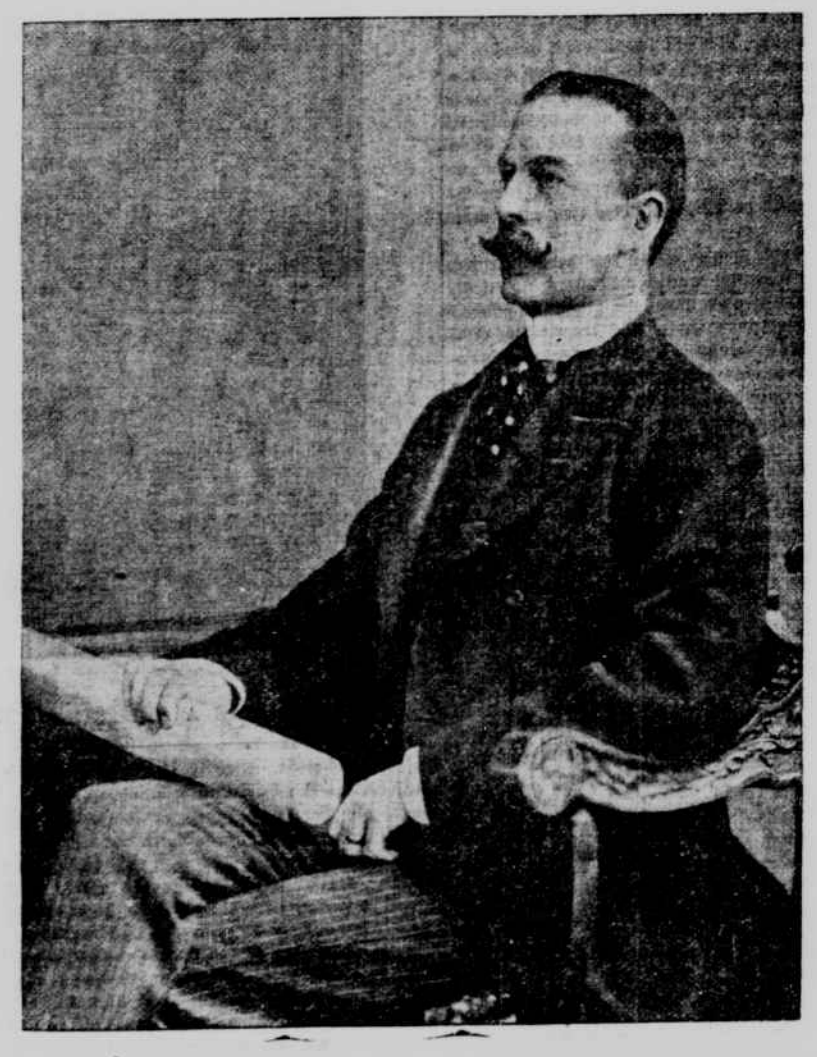
HIS INFLUENCE IS GREATER THAN THAT OF MOST CABINET MINISTERS.

From The Spectator.

There is nothing more curious in English politics than the position of a successful whip. He is as completely unrecognized by the constitution as the Cabinet is, and is usually paid either as "patronage secretary to the treasury" or through some sinecure office, but he is, when efficient, one of the most important wheels in the political machine. He writes no reports, he exercises no patronage of any moment, he is responsible for no measure, and he is rarely one of the speakers relied on by the Government. The public seldom know anything about him, and he is, as a rule, only criticised in the newspapers when he has made a blunder; but he has more influence in shaping the internal policy of the country than any Cabinet Minister outside the two or three who really rule. He is the true "power behind the throne," and many a project has been baffled, many a grand programme drawn up, because a whip has shaken his head or has urged that on such and such a matter "something must be done."

His business is not merely, as the public imagine, to warn members of important divisions, and so keep the party together and enable business to get on, or even, as Sir William Hayter once defined it, "to conciliate the real masters" by persuasive words, small concessions, pleasant arrangements or whispered promises of political or social advancement. He performs those functions, it is true, and is lucky if in performing them he does not become something of a cynic, and doubtful of the perfectibility of human nature; but he has a higher function than that. It is his business to gather up in intimate conversations the true sense of the House of Commons, and especially of his own party in it, to understand why a proposal will not "go down," to detect the half-formulated wish of a majority, to penetrate, in fact, to that inner will which so often controls the conscious will, and which is possessed not only by most strong individuals, but by all great corporations. He confides his opinion to the Cabinet, and especially to the Premier, and unless the head of her Majesty's Government is a man of very resolute and independent judgment, or the Cabinet possesses within itself a born whip, his report has a greater weight than almost any speech or even vote.

The first contingency, which practically reduces the use of the whip to the smaller business of legislation, is not, however, so common as one would expect, the strong Premier being often aware that he is a little out of touch with average members, and sometimes distrusting his own social knowledge. Both Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell are said to have felt a certain deficiency in this latter respect, akin, perhaps, to Lord Melbourne's, who, man of the world as he was, sometimes could not comprehend why members cared so much about the things they asked for. The second contingency is less frequent, but it occurs. Lord Palmerston, for example, always put in the Cabinet, if he could, Mr. Vernon Smith, a man whom the public, and in a lesser degree the House, considered a well-dressed fribble. He was not a fribble by any means, but a cool-headed, observant man of the world, with a weak will, but possessed of a power which Lord Palmerston, who understood men, had early detected. He had some faculty in him, probably based on sympathy with the average political mind, which enabled him to tell almost unerringly what the House of Commons was thinking and would think, and his chief trusted, and, after his manner, nobly repaid, his friend's acumen. In the absence of such a man within the Cabinet, a good whip who can be trusted to know in a crisis what the majority think, what is wanted, possible or impossible—the House at this moment wants impossible, because contradictory, things in China—is invaluable, and wields a secret authority which has often serious effects upon the course of events.



ROBERT OFFLEY ASHBURTON CREWE-MILNES, FIRST EARL OF CREWE.

Who married Lady "Peggy" Primrose, second daughter of Lord Rosebery.